

Our Dumb Animals.

"WE SPEAK FOR THOSE WHO



CANNOT SPEAK FOR THEMSELVES."

"I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm." *Casper.*

Vol. 16.

Boston, October, 1883.

No. 5.

Band of Mercy Pledge.

"I will TRY to be kind to all HARMLESS living creatures, and try to protect them from cruel usage."

M. S. P. C. A.

on our badges mean, "Merciful Society Prevention of Cruelty to All."

Mr. Timmins reports Sept. 19th, 505 Bands of Mercy, formed and forming, with over 57,000 members.

Our Badge, Cards and Pledge.



In October OUR DUMB ANIMALS, 1882, just one year ago, we published the first cut and description of our beautiful badge-pin of which, in gold gilt and silver, we have already sent out between twenty and thirty thousand, at a cost of six cents each. We have now discovered that a more beautiful and *much more durable pin* in gold gilt and silver can be made by increasing the cost two cents each, and because we think it important that these badges should be very durable, have concluded to order hereafter from the manufacturer *only* the eight-cent gold-gilt and silver pins. The badge-pins will therefore be hereafter eight cents, the extra cost being far more than compensated by the increased value of the pins. Our badges on blue ribbon will be furnished as heretofore at four cents each.

On the badge, the letters *M. S. P. C. A.* mean,

"Merciful Society Prevention of Cruelty to All."

Our beautiful membership cards in various colors, costing only two cents each, are now becoming pretty well known in this country, from the Atlantic to the Pacific coast. With two slight pen alterations, they are just as good in California as in Massachusetts, though we are glad to furnish at cost to Societies who wish to print their own cards, an electrotype of the beautiful engraving, "Signing the Pledge of the Band of Mercy."

Our pledge, as most of our readers know, is:—"I will try to be kind to all harmless creatures, and try to protect them from cruel usage." This includes human beings as well as the lower animals. We do not think it "trying to be kind" to a wolf, rattlesnake or mosquito, when we try to kill it, so we use the word "harmless," but if any think differently, they have only to draw a pen across the word "harmless." Again, we think it better to ask children to promise to *try* rather than to promise absolutely, but if others think differently, they can cross out the words "try to." We consider the pledge best to which the fewest objections will be made, and which will bring the largest numbers into humane societies, where they can be reached by humane influences, and be humanely educated; and our experience is that the words "try" and "harmless" have been of great service in helping us to form Bands. The fact that our pledge includes humans as well as animals, and so aids in protecting the poor, neglected and unfortunate of our race from cruelty as well as the lower creatures, needs no argument to strengthen it.

[From the "Journal of Education.]

Dynamite or Humane Education,—Which Shall It Be?
I wish to submit to intelligent readers these propositions:—

First.—Great and dangerous conflicts between capital and labor are threatened in this country.

Second.—Crimes of violence and a spirit of lawlessness have grown here wonderfully in the past twenty years.

Third.—About one-half the people of this country, rich and poor, attend regularly no church, nor do their children attend any Sunday school.

Fourth.—A Nihilist lecturer recently stated to a large audience in Tremont Temple, Boston, that there were then about four hundred schools in Europe, (he did not say how many in America,) whose only object was to teach the use of explosives, and that two ounces of an explosive he then had, placed at the entrance of Tremont Temple, would destroy the life of every person in that building!

Fifth.—The coming conflicts in this country must be fought in one of two ways: either mercifully with ballots and other humane measures, or brutally with bullets, incendiary fires, and all those destructive appliances which modern science has put into the hands of those who are being educated to use them.

Sixth.—Those who are to fight these battles, on one side or the other, are in our public schools to-day, and we are educating them.

Seventh.—The quickest and most hopeful way of reaching the masses and leading them to settle political and social questions in merciful ways, is through immediate and wide-spread humane education in our schools.

Eighth.—No man or woman can find in the world a cheaper, quicker, or more effective way than through these Bands of Mercy, designed for the protection of both human beings and the lower animals, with their simple machinery, badges, and cards, and of which four hundred and ninety-one have been established in this country within a little over a year in all grades of schools.

Ninth.—It is the duty of good citizens to aid this work.

Tenth.—Full information, sufficient to enable not only adults but even a boy or girl, to form a Band, will be sent, without cost, to every person asking it.

GEO. T. ANGELL,
President of the Massachusetts Society for
the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals,
96 Tremont St., Boston.

Our Dumb Animals.

New Bands.

Boston. Foreign Exposition Band of Mercy.
P., Nathan Appleton.

East Lexington. East Lexington Band of Mercy.
P., Carrie F. Fiske.
S., Carrie A. Hauffman.
T., Ellen Dana.

East Somerville. First Universalist Church Band of Mercy.
P., Rev. C. A. Skinner.
S., Mary C. Clark.
T., Augustus Hodgman.

East Somerville. Flint-St. M. E. Band of Mercy.
P., E. F. Smith.
S., Mrs. H. W. Moran.
T., Mrs. E. Steele.

Gloucester. Evangelical Church Band of Mercy.
P., John Cunningham.
S., Mrs. F. G. Clark.
T., John R. Dustin, Jr.

Gloucester. First Baptist Church Band of Mercy.
P., Freeman Putney.
S., May Pattillo.
T., W. T. Bishop.

Gloucester. Independent Christian Society Band of Mercy.
P., Samuel V. Colby.
S., Annie H. Dolliver.
T., Edward Dolliver.

Gloucester. St. Anne Band of Mercy.
P., Rev. Father J. J. Healy.

Gloucester. Sawyer Band of Mercy.
P., Rev. J. S. Thomson.
S., Anna P. Friend.
T., M. L. Hawley.

Malden. Central M. E. Church Band of Mercy.
P., L. S. Johnson.
S., Miss A. D. Fairfield.
T., C. J. Shaw.

Malden. First Baptist Church Band of Mercy.
P., Chas. H. White.
S., Miss Lura Stockwell.
T., W. Watts.

Watertown. First Church Band of Mercy.
P., W. H. Ingraham.
S., Miss A. M. Silsby.
T., Miss H. G. Cushing.

Watertown. Methodist Episcopal Church Band of Mercy.
P., Charles Learned.
S., Theresa C. Jacobs.
T., G. E. Priest.

New York. Mattie Walsen.

Philadelphia, Penn. Westchester Schools.

Derby Line, Vt. Bixby Band of Mercy.
P., Rev. F. E. Healey.
V. P., Mrs. N. S. Bixby.
S., Kate Healey.
T., Mrs. N. Whilcher.

Coal Valley, Fayetteville, West Virginia.

Band of Mercy at New England Agricultural Society's Fair.

Through the kind assistance of Hon. Daniel Needham, Secretary of the New England Agricultural Society, and Geo. Noyes, Esq., of the *Massachusetts Ploughman*, Mr. Timmins, with the aid of the Manchester, N. H., Band of Mercy, established and continued a stall at the New England Agricultural Fair, September 4, 5, 6 and 7, for the sale and distribution of *Band of Mercy* and humane literature. The President of the Manchester Band, J. G. Lane, Esq., and Carrie Haden, Fanny and Matilda Herridge, Arthur Walker and Arthur Harvey, took charge and made a wide sale and distribution, with no expense to our Society. We believe this is the first time that a stall for sale of humane literature has ever been established at a large agricultural fair.

Band of Mercy Melodies.

We advise all Bands to order the leaflet just published, entitled, "Band of Mercy Melodies No. 1." It contains three beautiful hymns to the tunes of "Battle Hymn of the Republic," "America," and "Hold the Fort." They can be ordered at this office, 50 cts. per 100. Other leaflets will follow in time.

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Foreign Exposition.

Through the kind assistance of Nathan Appleton, Esq., and the directors of the Foreign Exposition, which is to continue in Boston several months, a "Band of Mercy" stall has been established in that splendid building for the sale of "Band of Mercy" literature. The stall is under the superintendence of Rev. Mr. Timmins, Secretary of the Parent Band, ladies from various Bands in and about Boston kindly assisting. In order that the cards and beautiful badges may be obtained by visitors from all parts of the world, as members, the "Foreign Exposition Band of Mercy" has been organized, with Nathan Appleton, Esq., as President.

We advise all our members to visit the stall and see the new Guinea gold imitation, and new solid silver-plated badges, marvels of cheapness, costing only eight cents each, which we intend to use in the future, as we are told that they will polish and preserve their beauty several years.

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Church Attendance.

When our zealous friends in the church propose to add to the arduous labors of the clerical profession the further charge of the education of the children, we would remind them, that, *after 250 years of devoted labor, they have only succeeded in getting on the ground, church-sittings for twenty of the fifty millions of our people; that hundreds of the churches that now exist are not crowded, and that, probably, a third of the population of any American city rarely attends Sunday worship or listens to their instruction.*

—Journal of Education, Sept. 13, 1883.

Under these circumstances, is it not of the highest importance to carry moral, humane, and unsectarian religious education into our public schools? We think so. How can you do it better than through the Bands of Mercy?

—ED.

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A Mother's Love.

A remarkable instance of an animal's affection for its young is reported by a California paper. An excursion party from the main land went to an island eighty miles away, and while there captured a baby seal, which they put in their boat, to carry home as a pet for one of the boys in the party. Shortly before sailing a large seal was noticed swimming around the sloop anchored off the cove where the capture was made, uttering loud barks and at times howling piteously. No particular attention was paid to the animal at the time or to the little captive, which at times barked in response to the mother's plaints. On reaching the wharf a seal was again discovered swimming about the boat. It was not supposed that this was the mother, or out of pity the young one would have been thrown overboard. To better secure the young seal, the rope was taken from its fin and it was tied up in a jute sack and let loose on the deck. Soon after coming to anchor the young seal responded to its mother by casting itself overboard. The mother seized the sack and with her sharp teeth at once tore it open, after which they both disappeared.

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Sunday Trains.

The revival of Sunday trains on various roads has revived the story told some time since about Superintendent Beach, of the Naugatuck road, and his little son. The lad had been presented with a toy train of cars, and was found Sunday morning very busy playing with them. "Don't you know it is Sunday, my son?" said the father. The little fellow stopped his ears, and, scratching his head with a puzzled look, innocently said, "Yes, papa, but this is a milk train."

How Garibaldi Took Naples.

I landed at Naples a few days after the poor little King had fled. I heard from the lips of the people who had witnessed the scene, how Garibaldi took Naples. Four railway carriages conveyed him and his staff to the city. The people turned out *en masse* all along the lines, they clambered up on the engine, they clustered like bees all over the carriages, the train could hardly go slow enough; an immense crowd met the train—the whole population of Naples streaming out to salute the Liberator. His hour was come. The General, with Cozenz, entered a carriage and pair, and his staff followed in three other carriages. The King was still in Naples. The Neapolitan police looked on sullen and inactive.

The fortress of St. Elmo commanding the approach, bristled with armed men, and the gunners were all at their posts. As soon as the Garibaldis came well within range, they had orders to fire and clear the streets with grape-shot. Slowly the carriages moved through the crowded streets amid the desfening roar of "vivas." As they came under the guns of Castello Nuovo, the artillerymen were seen to point them and stand ready with the lighted match. At the supreme moment the General's voice was heard above the din: "Slower! slower! drive slower!" And, again, as the agitated coachman hardly seemed to hear, with that voice unaccustomed to command twice: "Slower!"

The officers could be heard calling upon their men to fire. Then, in full sight, and under the very muzzle of those guns, the General stood upright in his carriage with one hand on his breast, and looked steadfastly at the artillerymen. Those who saw it said it was like magnetism. A silence seemed to fall on the excited crowd. The fate of Italy trembled in the balance. Three times the order to fire was repeated; at the third the gunners threw down their matches, flung their caps wildly in the air, and shouted: "Viva Garibaldi!" That picture will last when the works of all the old masters have faded out, for it is painted upon the imperishable canvass of the national soul. It represents forever, in the glowing tints of unselfish patriotism and stainless honor, the triumph of moral over physical might, the victory of the spiritual forces.

—Good Words.

Since St. Francis of Assisi, to whom the birds, it is said, came without fear, probably no man in all Italy has been more noted for his tenderness towards God's lower creatures than this same brave Garibaldi.

—ED.

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[For Our Dumb Animals.]

Bob White.

Bob White stands up on the old oak-tree
When the sun is shining bright,
And sings aloud, "More wet, more wet,"
When not a cloud is in sight.

And often when clouds are dark and grey,
And the sky portends much rain,
You will hear him singing, "No more wet,"
'Til the day is on the wane.

The farmer stands in his wide-spread field,
And sharpens his keen-edged scythe,
"The birds," he says, "think they know so much;
I wonder if they're so wise?"

Then goes on cutting his ripened grain,
While Bob White sits on the tree,
And keeps on singing, "More wet, more wet;"
Such a funny bird is he.

Ah, roguish Bob White! we cannot depend
On a single word you say;
It's always, "More wet," or "No more wet;"
So you'd better fly away.

—Aunt Clara.

North Andover, Mass.

Our Dumb Animals.

Flora's Adventures.

Flora was bought at a fair in Stirling, and brought home; she was a very young, strong animal, and appeared quite docile, till they attempted the following day to put her in the plough. What offence this gave her, it is hard to say; but no sooner was she yoked by the side of old Dobs, a venerable gentleman of her own species, whose freaks and frolics were long past, than she began to kick, and rear, and plunge; and at last set off, dragging plough, ploughman, Dobs, and all at her heels; fortunately the harness broke before she had done much mischief. On finding herself at liberty, she cut several furious capers, then rolled herself on the ground, screaming like a passionate child, and, starting up, set off at the utmost of her speed towards the lake, which is at that place three miles broad, and studded with lovely little wooded islands; she took to the water at once, and swam most gallantly. Miss Colhoun, who had been sent for, returned to the house for a spy-glass, and watched her progress; she supposed she would land on the first island she came near, and that she meant to set up there as a sort of equine Robinson Crusoe; but no! she swam steadily on; rather avoiding the islands, and made straight for Ben Lomond, where that magnificent mountain laves its foot in the silver waters of the lake, as if it loved its old face, pictures it back, with all its woods and wilds, on its glassy bosom. No sooner did she reach the shore, than, after one hearty shake of her wet sides, this free-booter of a horse set off at full speed up the face of Ben Lomond, in a direction which no human being could have trod, from its steepness and ruggedness; but on she went, springing like a gazelle from one height or precipice to another. As she gazed through her glass, she sometimes lost sight of her for so long a time, that she feared she had been dashed to pieces in some of those fearful leaps; but she always reappeared again, and at last gained the summit, and disappeared down the opposite side of the mountain.

As soon as she disappeared over the summit, Miss Colhoun desired the ploughman to get ready, and start for the other side of the hill, and endeavor to gain some information of the runaway. He did so; but as no mortal could traverse the road the fugitive had chosen, the ploughman, after crossing Loch Lomond, had to make a circuit of about nine miles ere he reached the part of the hill where he thought it likely the animal had passed down. In vain, however, he inquired of everyone he met, and at every house he came to. No one had seen the horse. Night came on; and he had to seek shelter for himself, much dispirited at hearing no news of his luckless purchase. On that side, Ben Lomond, instead of rising into abrupt and frightful precipices, slopes more gradually and softly into a beautiful rich landscape: at its very foot lies the lovely little lake of Monteith, with its one tiny island, planted on its bosom, like an emerald set in diamonds. To this scene of sylvan beauty the ploughman took his way the following morning, I dare believe, thinking far more about the equestrian deserter than of all the glories of earth and sky by which he was surrounded! As he drew near the lake of Monteith, he was attracted by the exulting, mirthful shouts of some children in the barn-yard of a very humble cottage he was passing. He leant over the wall, and to his amazement beheld the object of his search! the very horse, surrounded by a group of half-clad little highlanders, of all ages, from three years to fourteen; each of whom seemed to be trying who should lavish most marks of childish love on the animal; who, gentle as a lamb, licked them, and fondled them with his head, like an affectionate dog. After gazing at this scene for some minutes in not uninterested silence, the ploughman turned into the cottage, and found there a respectable heart-broken-looking woman, and an elderly man, whom he at once recognized as the highlander from whom he had bought the horse in Stirling market. The highlander at once knew the ploughman; and though, I dare say, little used to shed tears, could not hinder many a

one from rolling over his hard and weather-beaten cheeks, when told how the poor animal had made her escape. Still faster did the tears roll over both his and his poor wife's cheeks, when he came to tell how that this horse was the foal of a favorite old mare that belonged to his father and himself, nobody knows for how many years; and how she was injured and died a few days after it was foaled, and his wife and children nursed and fed it like a baby. It lived in the cottage; lay on the hearth or in a corner like a dog; would roll and play on the floor, or in the field with them, like any kitten; let three or four of them get on its back while it was stooping down, then rise softly, and trot them all about as gently as if it were conscious how precious was the burden which it bore on its young back.

But sorrow will come; the winter before I am telling of, this poor man and his family had been seized with typhus fever, which not only caused them great expense, but kept him so long from work that when rent-time came, he had not one farthing to pay it, and there remained no alternative between selling the young horse, or being turned out of the little farm and humble thatched cottage which he and his forefathers had occupied for three hundred years. With a sore heart he set off for Stirling fair with what seemed to him one of the family to sell; — not daring to tell the children what he was about to do. "She came back last night, sir, about dusk — the children were all gone to bed, and my wife and I were just sitting at the fireside; dull enough, indeed, sir; when something came noozle noozle at the window. I said, 'Eh, dear Janet, is not that just like the sound poor Flora used to make when she wanted to come in at night?' 'Oh,' she says, 'Donald, don't speak of Flora, she will never, never come to that window again;' and she cried bitterly. Well, sir, I rose and opened the door, and there stood Flora, the poor beast! I really believe I kissed her; and I am certain sure she kissed me." The warm-hearted highlander could say no more; his heart was too full for words, and his wife wept aloud. The ploughman was scarcely less moved.

"Would you wish," he said, "to keep the poor animal? for I know the goodness of my mistress so well, that I am quite sure she would never, in such circumstances, hold a poor man to his bargain."

There was a struggle in the faces of the poor highlander and his wife; they looked at each other, and spoke a few words in Gaelic which the ploughman did not understand. Then Donald turned, and said to him with perfect firmness and composure,—

"No, sir; it has pleased God to make us too poor honestly to keep the mare. I have paid away to my landlord the price you gave me for her in Stirling market, she is yours — take her."

The parting between the little wild highland children and their four-footed darling was a sad scene; so sad as to overcome the good-natured ploughman's prudence far enough to make him say, that he was almost sure his dear lady would not keep the mare. She would send it back to the children. Poor Janet and Donald looked on, and heard what he said, and were pleased that a ray of comfort was held out to their weeping children; but said to each other in their own language, "Send back poor Flora! Alas! alas! we have no money to pay for her!" The ploughman walked away with Flora, the weeping children following as far as they could, and Donald and Janet, poor and ignorant as they were, knew better where to seek for true comfort, than many of the proud and rich, when they are miserable; they turned into their little wretched cottage, and, kneeling down together, prayed in their own highland tongue, to that God who alike loves and watches over all, the rich or the poor, who love him, and keep his commandments.

Miss Colhoun sent back the mare. She could but ill spare at the moment the twenty-five pounds she had paid; but she said to me afterwards, "My dear young friend, I declare to you, I never

missed the twenty-five pounds, and at the end of the year found that I was richer than I expected."

—*Four Footed Favorites.*

Little Children Scold One Another.

Two little girls, one rainy day,
Who had been pleasantly at play,
With happy hearts and faces bright,
Began at length to scold and fight.

Then to mamma they quickly went,
To give their angry feelings vent,
And of each other to complain,
And make in-doors a storm and rain.
"Mamma," cried Florence, "only see!
Mamie's as mean as she can be.
O what a naughty, cruel trick!

She whipped my pussy with a stick,
It was a selfish thing, she said,
There, now, Miss Mamie, that is true;
You can't deny it, no, not you."

"Now, Florry, that is just unfair;
You are just hateful, I declare;
'Twas you that broke my china plate,
And made a picture on my slate.
I say, mamma, my story's true,
And I guess you'll believe it, too."
And mother laid her sewing by,
A look of trouble in her eye.

"Children," she said, "if this is true,
You've got a new verse, have n't you?
'Tis not like what I've always heard;
I think you must have changed one word."
She looked at one, then at the other,
"Little children, scold one another."

Their faces grew like roses red,
But this was all the mother said.
Mamie also began to cry,
But Florry whispered with a sigh,
"O dear! that's not a pretty verse;
Let's make it better 'fore it's worse."
And then they kissed and ran away,
But no more quarreling that day.
And when at night they went to bed
They kissed mamma, and Florence said,
"We'll have a better verse, dear mother,
Than Little children, scold one another."

—*Rochester Journal.*

There used to be a clergyman in the old town of Newbury, Mass., somewhere back in the last century, who was famous for his big words. On one occasion he was invited to preach at Harvard College. In those days they used to have two sermons a day. The students listened to him in the morning, took in all the hard words and quotations, and put their heads together for revenge. In the afternoon they appeared in the chapel, each with the largest dictionary he could command, and when the preacher used the first word out of the common course there was such a rustling of leaves that the reverend gentleman looked up in alarm. He was bright as well as erudite, however, and seeing the point, translated his words as he went along.

"I Beg Your Pardon."

A civil word is the cheapest thing in the world, and yet it is a thing which the young and happy rarely give to their inferiors. See the effect of civility on a rough little street boy. The other evening, a young lady abruptly turned the corner, and very rudely ran against a boy who was small and ragged and freckled. Stopping as soon as she could, she turned to him and said: "I beg your pardon; indeed, I am very sorry." The small, ragged and freckled boy looked up in blank amazement for an instant; then, taking off about three-fourths of a cap, he bowed very low, smiled until his face became lost in the smile, and answered: "You can hav my parding, and welcome, miss; and yer may run agin me and knock me clean down, an' I won't say a word." After the young lady passed on, he turned to a comrade and said, half apologetically: "I never had any one ask my parding, and it kind o' took me off my feet."

OUR DUMB ANIMALS.

BOSTON, OCTOBER, 1883.

Mass. Society P. C. Animals.

Directors' September meeting was held yesterday. President Angell reported that office agents had dealt with 162 cases of cruelty during the month. There were now 505 Bands of Mercy, with over fifty seven thousand members—nearly 2,000 in the vicinity of Boston had joined in the past two weeks. \$1,000 had been received for permanent fund from estate of Amasa Clapp. He had been notified of another legacy from estate of Mrs. Thayer, widow of the founder of Chauncy Hall School. Booths for sale of humane literature had been established at New England Agricultural Fair and Foreign Exposition. Large orders had been received for OUR DUMB ANIMALS, to be distributed in schools.

American Humane Association.

We are notified, just before going to press, by Mr. Firth, secretary of the above association, that its annual meeting, in deference to the judgment of many friends, has been postponed to December 5th.

"Humane Cars."

We are notified by Mr. Firth, secretary of the American Humane Association, that, in addition to the Burton Stock Car Company, gold medals have been also awarded to A. C. Mather of Chicago, W. Stewart Hunter of Belleville, Canada, J. M. Lincoln of Providence, R. I., and Montgomery Palace Car Company of New York, all the cars represented by these gentlemen and companies being approved. The committee do not discriminate as to their relative merits.

At the request of Rev. Dr. Peirce, editor of *Zion's Herald*, Mr. Angell lectured in the Methodist Episcopal Church, Newton Centre, Sunday, Sept. 9th, to an influential audience. On the same day, by invitation of Samuel E. Sawyer, Esq., Rev. Mr. Timmins visited Gloucester, Mass., and formed five Bands of Mercy, with over sixteen hundred members, in the Roman Catholic, Unitarian, Baptist, Universalist and Congregational Churches. The Methodist Sunday School not being in session, will form by arrangements with the Superintendent, in two weeks.

One of the Bands, we are happy to say, was named after Samuel E. Sawyer, Esq., the "Sawyer Band of Mercy."

Mr. T. B. Smithies.

Mr. T. B. Smithies, of London, whose death is just announced, was one of the most philanthropic and useful men in modern times. He was the editor of the *British Workman*, the well-known cheap illustrated monthly, intended to promote the moral improvement of the working classes, and of the *Band of Hope Review*, which inculcates temperance principles among the young. The amount of good that has been effected by these two periodicals is beyond human estimate, and will only be revealed in eternity. Mr. Smithies was especially friendly to animals, and it is said that through his publications he did more than any man in England to save them from cruelty.

—*New York Witness.*

Death from Impure Water.

To the Editors of the Boston Daily Advertiser:

My next-door neighbor died this morning of typhoid fever, contracted from drinking impure water at one of our mountain resorts. As President of the "Parent American Band of Mercy," I am simply doing my duty in asking you to say through your columns, what I am constantly saying to my friends and acquaintance: "Never drink at mountain, seashore, or elsewhere, water about which there is doubt, until it has been boiled to kill the dangerous germs it may contain." If all your readers will remember this simple caution, and tell their friends, it may save thousands of cases of sickness, and many valuable lives.

—Geo. T. Angell, in *Boston Daily Advertiser*, August 31, 1883, and other Boston Papers.

Mr. Bergh

writes us September 5, that he has just convicted seven WITNESSES to a dog-fight, and had them sentenced to pay a fine of fifty dollars each, and also be imprisoned ten days in the city prison.

This conviction will show that "the partaker is as bad as the thief," and the men who gather to see dogs fight just as much criminals as the men who fight them. We congratulate Mr. Bergh on his success in this matter.

Mr. Heywood's Report.

We have received a very interesting report of our deceased friend, Mr. Charles L. Heywood, to the American Humane Association, in whose interest he twice visited the West and Southwest, during the present year. It is published by the Association, with a most excellent photograph of our deceased friend. It is full of evidences of the terrible suffering still inflicted upon animals in transportation, in violation alike of the laws of humanity and the laws of the land, and shows plainly that after all that our Societies have accomplished, there still remains a gigantic work to be done. The report will be presented at the next meeting of the Association, and Mr. Heywood's excellent suggestions will doubtless be fully considered.

Horse Cars.

We have now nearly 60,000 Band of Mercy members; nearly 30,000 of them in and about Boston. If each does one kind act a year for some animal, that will make 30,000; if each does 100, that will make three millions of kind acts in one year, to relieve the suffering of animals.

Coming down town from Boston Highlands this morning, we saw two horse cars approaching, one a "Metropolitan," the other a "Highland." One was drawn by lean horses, showing their ribs, and over their eyes, *blinders*; the other by plump fine-looking horses, with no *blinders*. We took the latter, and had the pleasure of watching all the way in town a span of beautiful horses that seemed to enjoy the trip as much as we did. Now, let every Band of Mercy member in and about Boston always look at the horses before entering a car, and patronize, and ask your friends to patronize, the line that has the best, those most competent to draw extra weight, and so you will be daily doing kind acts for horses, which may result in more good to them than you can now estimate.

GEO. T. ANGELL,
President Parent Band of Mercy.

When People Write to Us

that there is cruelty in their town, we have one answer. Why don't you form a Band of Mercy? They are so simple that a boy or girl fourteen years old can form one. We send without charge, full instructions. It costs nothing. All that is needed is a sheet of paper to form a Band of six or six hundred. We send you, without charge, full information just what to do—Ten Lessons on Kindness to Animals; and when your Band is over forty members, a copy of OUR DUMB ANIMALS, each month, from which you can select stories, poems, etc.

We can furnish all who want them, our beautiful badge pins, at eight cents; ribbon badges, at four cents; beautiful membership cards, at two cents, and a book for membership signatures, at six cents. But all that is absolutely needed, is the pledge that you will try to be kind and protect harmless creatures from cruelty, and the instructions which we send without charge. As soon as a Band is formed in any town, it is known through the town, talked over in every family; public attention is called to the subject, cruel persons begin to be more careful, and all dumb creatures and unprotected human creatures more safe.

Officers of the law, and agents of our societies, who might hesitate to prosecute or interfere in cases of cruelty where there is no organization of their fellow-citizens to aid, will act promptly and cheerfully when requested by a humane organization.

If there is cruelty in your town, the first thing to do is to form a Band of Mercy, however small, and every man and woman and boy and girl, who wants to stop cruelty should join the Band.

Lord Chief Justice Coleridge of England

has taken great interest in the prevention of cruelty to animals in his own country. In a recent interview with our Band of Mercy Secretary, Rev. Mr. Timmins, in Boston, he expressed himself as being deeply interested in the work.

Egypt.

We learn from September *Animal World* that a Society P. C. Animals is being formed in Egypt, of which the Khedive is to be the head.

Check Reins.

We ask each Band of Mercy member, and all readers of our paper, whenever they observe, in or about this city, horses suffering from tight check reins, to send us if possible, the names and direction of owners, that we may mail them a little publication on that subject.

San Diego, Cal., Society.

We have interesting report of M. S. Root, President. Geo. N. Hitchcock is secretary.

August 30th, we had a pleasant call from President King of the Georgia Society.

Officer D. R. White of Manchester, N. H., S. P. C. A., has investigated 1,533 cases of cruelty in the past eighteen months.

We have received an interesting account of the Dogs' Home, Brighton, England, from our friend, Miss Barnard, its Honorary and excellent secretary.

Our Dumb Animals.

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A Bird at School.

We were all at school this pleasant morning. It was so warm and pleasant that all the windows were open, and the maple-trees, near by, were full of leaves.

The children were saying their morning prayer. "Our Father, who art in Heaven," with their heads down upon their desks, and their eyes closed. When they had said, "Amen," the teacher touched a little bell, and all the heads were raised.

Then what do you think the children saw? Why, a beautiful little bird, slowly flying about the room. He settled down, as if he was tired, on a long seat at the back part of the room. The children kept saying, "Oh! oh!" very softly, and seemed ready to spring out of their seats.

Then the teacher walked slowly to the back part of the room, and took up the little bird on her handkerchief. He did not try to get away, but sat still slowly winking his bright black eyes.

The teacher let all the children look at him. He had black and slate-colored feathers, all dotted with white, and a long, slender black bill, like a hummingbird.

When they had all seen him, the teacher put him down with great care on the window-sill. He sat there very still, about ten minutes; and then being rested spread his wings, and flew away. The children were so pleased with their little visitor, that they wanted this story put in print.

—H. W.

Sunday Schools.

Nowadays the child is usually sent to Sunday school, and there learns from strangers a smattering of religious truth, or of Jewish history, which is not at all the same thing.

Youth's Companion.

Put a Band of Mercy into such a Sunday school, and see what a new revelation the children will have of the doctrines taught by Christ.

—ED.

The Birds' Meeting.

The blustery wind had called them all; The birds arrived, the large, the small. The owl, of course, was chosen judge; He stared around, but did n't budge.

The robins, jays, and meadow-larks Got up to make a few remarks; They said the time had come to go, Red leaves and gold flew to and fro.

The sparrows then grew spiteful quite, They thought it much too soon for flight; The bluebirds longed for bluer skies, The wren thought this was very wise.

The blackbirds said their time was up— The berries gone, where should they sup? The catbirds said they quite agreed, "T was time the warning they should heed.

The owl this question put: "Say 'Ay' Those who intend away to fly!" All but the sparrows vote to go; These chirp a most decided "No!"

"Tis carried," said the owl; "adieu!" The birds cry, "Now for skies of blue." "Go!" chirped the sparrows, "why this fuss? Our home is good enough for us!"

—George Cooper.

Always remember that to be master of a situation you must be master of yourself.



A BIRD AT SCHOOL.

Cured by Laughter.

In a treatise on laughter Joubert gives a curious instance. A patient being low with fever, and the physician in attendance at a loss as to how he should produce reaction, had ordered a dose of rhubarb, but after the medicine had been prepared, fearing its debilitating effects, the order was countermanded. Not long after a pet monkey belonging to the patient, that had been in the room all the while, seeing the goblet, slipped slyly up, and touched it to his lips. The first taste was probably novel, and he made a comical grimace. Another sip, and he got the sweet of the syrup. Aha! His vision brightened. He cast a glance around, and then drank it to the bottom where he got the full strength of the rhubarb. Mercy! What a face he made! The visage of the disgusted monkey spoke volumes as he tried to spit out the horrible taste, but finding that impossible, he seized the goblet and hurled it to the floor, smashing it into a hundred pieces. The scene was so ludicrous that the sick man burst into a fit of laughter that lasted until his nurse came in. And when he tried to tell her he laughed again, until he sank back exhausted in a profuse perspiration which lasted until he fell asleep. When he awoke, the fever was broken and he recovered.

Did you ever watch a dog gape? For thoroughness and entire absence of affectation and mock shame-facedness, there is nothing like it. When a dog gapes, he does n't screw his face into all sorts of unnatural shapes in an endeavor to keep his mouth shut with his jaws wide open. Neither does he put his paw up to his face in an apologetic way, while gaping in ambush, as it were. No, sir; when he gapes, he is perfectly willing that the whole world shall come to the show. He braces himself firmly on his fore feet, stretches out his neck, depresses his head, and his jaws open with graceful moderation. At first it is but an exaggerated grin, but when the gape is apparently accomplished, the dog turns out his elbows, opens his jaws another forty-five degrees, swallows an imaginary bone by a sudden and convulsive movement, curls up his tongue like the petal of a tiger lily, and shuts his jaws together with a snap. Then he assumes a grave and contented visage, as is eminently becoming to one who has performed a duty successfully and conscientiously.

—Boston Transcript.

Kindness makes friends, and friendship is of greater value than money.

We Live for Those Who Love Us.

We live for those who love us,
For those we know are true;
For the heaven that smiles above us,
And awaits our spirits too:
For all human ties that bind us,
For the task our God assigns us,
For the bright hopes left behind us,
And the good that we can do.

We live to learn their story,
Who've suffered for our sake,
To emulate their glory,
And follow in their wake;
Bards, martyrs, patriots, sages,
The noble of all ages,
Whose deeds crown history's pages,
And time's great volume make.

We live to hail that season,
By gifted minds foretold,
When men shall live by reason,
And not alone for gold.
When man to man united,
And every wrong thing righted,
The whole world shall be lighted
As Eden was of old.

We live for those that love us,
For those that know us true,

For the heaven that smiles above us,
And awaits our spirits too:
For the wrongs that need resistance,
For the cause that needs assistance,
For the future in the distance,
And the good that we can do.

Let four children recite each a verse.

—ED.

Catching the Colt.

With forehead star and silver tail,
And three white feet to match,
The gay, half-broken, sorrel colt,
Which one of us could catch?

"I can," says Dick; "I'm good for that;"
He slowly shook his empty hat.
"She'll think 'tis full of corn," said he:
"Stand back, and she will come to me."

So up the stony pasture lane,
And up the hill, he trudged again;
And when he saw the colt, as slow
He shook his old hat to and fro,
"She'll think 'tis full of corn," he thought,
"And I shall have her quickly caught.
Beck! Beck!" he called; and at the sound
The restless beauty looked around,
Then made a quick, impatient turn,
And galloped off among the fern.

And when beneath a tree she stopped,
And leisurely some clover cropped,
Dick followed after, but in vain;
His hand was just upon her mane,
When off she flew as flies the wind,
And, panting, he pressed on behind.
Down through the brake, the brook across,
O'er bushes, thistles, mounds of moss,
Round and around the place they passed,
Till breathless, Dick sank down at last;
Threw by, provoked, his empty hat,—
"The colt," he said, "remember that!
There's always trouble from deceit;
I'll never try again to cheat!"

—Marion Douglas, in *Our Little Ones*.

"My case is just here," said a citizen to a lawyer, a few days ago. "The plaintiff will swear that I hit him, I will swear that I did not. Now what can you lawyers make out of that if we go to trial?" "Fifty dollars apiece," was the prompt reply.

—Mass. Ploughman.

Our Dumb Animals.

An Infant Baboon.

The following is translated from a recent French work by Mr. Boitard:-

There have been and still are in the Menagerie of the Garden of Plants, Paris, a number of baboons, and four years ago a female who had a young one furnished one of the most amusing and singular spectacles I ever witnessed. She was placed with it in a cage, near the one she formerly occupied with several other animals of the same species. The infant baboon was hideously ugly, but she lavished upon it the most tender caresses. When it was eight days old, the door of communication was opened, and her mate entered. The mother, seated in the middle of the cage, held the young heir in her arms precisely as a nurse would do under similar circumstances. The happy father approached and embraced his mate with French gallantry upon each side of the face; he then kissed the little one, and sat down opposite to the mother, so that their knees touched each other. They then both began to move their lips with rapidity, taking the young one from each other's arms, as if they were having a most animated conversation concerning it.

The door was again opened, and the baboon friends entered one after another, each embracing the mother, who, however, would not allow them to touch the young one. They seated themselves in a circle and moved their lips as if facilitating the happy couple on the arrival of the son and heir, and perhaps finding in it a marvellous resemblance to either the father or mother. The scene was very much like that which often takes place in the human family on similar occasions, except that we suspect the felicitations were more heartfelt and genuine on the part of the brutes than on that of their more favored prototypes.

All the baboons wished to caress the young one; but no sooner did one put forward his hand than a good slap from the mother warned him of his indiscretion. Those who were placed behind her stretched their hand out slyly, slid it under her arm, and succeeded sometimes, to their great joy, in touching the little one without the mother perceiving it, particularly when she was engaged in conversation. But a smart correction soon taught them that their indiscretion was observed, and they quickly retreated. It was evident that the monkey mother, thoroughly acquainted with the requirements of her position, knew perfectly well how to divide her attention between her guests and her infant charge.

The Lord and the Shilling.

The following which happened lately at one of our fashionable hotels, proves that virtue is sometimes substantially rewarded. One evening rather late a gentleman, a great admirer of man's best friend, saw some magnificent dogs in the care of a hall porter. Having entered into conversation with the temporary keeper, he learned that the owner had left no instructions as to their being fed: he therefore took upon himself to order a repast for them. They were still enjoying it when the owner returned, and the good Samaritan, going up, told him that he had been admiring his dogs, and had ordered them to be fed. "Oh, thank you! Here, take this;" and the owner's gratitude took the tangible shape of an English shilling. The gentleman smilingly took the proffered reward, and said: "I am Lord _____, and I most heartily thank you for the first shilling I ever earned. I shall have a hole drilled in it, and wear it as a charm. It may bring luck." "Oh, my lord! I cannot tell you how sorry I am at my blunder. Please accept my apology!" "I beg you not to apologize. You have made me feel quite proud, and the shilling I will keep as an heir-loom in my family, where we have never had much opportunity of earning money."

—London Truth.

♦♦♦

Kind words will soothe the troubled heart and inspire with new life and vigor.

Thurlow Weed's Pigeon Daily Searches for his Dead Master.

How are you progressing with the biography of your father?" A *Telegram* reporter asked the daughter of the late Thurlow Weed to-day.

"The book is written and in the hands of a Boston publishing firm."

"Is it a large volume?"

"I believe there are six hundred pages in it."

Just then the pigeon that was Mr. Weed's pet about six years alighted on the reporter's shoulder and, cheerfully cooing, peered round into his face. Suddenly the bird became dumb and flew into an adjoining room.

"He has done that to every gentleman that has come into the house since father died," said Miss Weed with a sigh. "He takes most kindly to General Bowen, who visits me occasionally and who has been in feeble health some time and walks slowly. The bird will coo and fly to the General's shoulder, but when he sees it is not my father he will stop his cooing and find some other perch. Since the day that father's remains were carried away the affectionate creature has been seeking for his master. He flies through every room in the house and fairly haunts the library, where father spent most of the time with his pet."

Miss Weed and the reporter were sitting in the large front parlor on the second floor. "Father made this his dining room," continued the lady, "and ate his meals from that centre table. His chair was always placed on the rug you see there. In that corner was a sofa where he often reclined, the pigeon being his companion. Many times every day the mourning bird comes here and takes a survey of the room.

"He will tread over every inch of space on the lounge and then go to the rug, over which he will walk repeatedly as if in expectation of his dead master's coming. He invariably does this at meal times, when our table is set in the back parlor, of which we now make a dining room. He can see our table from the rug."

"Then you do not put him in a cage?" asked the reporter.

"Oh, never," was the response. "The run of the house has been his since he came into it. Of course, in this warm weather many of the windows are open, but he will not fly out into the street nor into the large yard below into the church which lies on the east side of the study. But here he does go," added Miss Weed, as she led the way through the dining room and pointed out of the raised windows. There was a large yard in view, with arbors, running vines and a profusion of other foliage. "Other pigeons come here frequently and our pet sometimes joins them, but he seems to take no pleasure in the freedom they enjoy, and sits with drooping head while they fly about or perch beside him and coo. He seldom remains long with his fellow birds, but comes back through one of the windows and begins his search again through the house for my father."

♦♦♦

A Westchester, Pa., gentleman adopted a novel method to save his cherries from the birds. He has hung a string of sleigh bells in one of his trees, to which a cord is attached leading to the house, with which the bells are occasionally rung. The birds give the trees a wide berth.

Dog Food.

"Let everything you give a dog be cleanly and well cooked, and do not entertain the now exploded notion that anything is good enough for a dog. Whatever a dog leaves should be thrown to the fowls and not presented to him again, for the animal is naturally dainty. If you want a dog to remain healthy great pains must be taken that both personally and in all his surroundings he is kept clean. His food and his water should be pure and fresh; the kennel he lies in should always have clean bedding and be periodically scrubbed and disinfected. Even the inside of his leather collar should be kept sweet and clean. He ought to be brushed, if not combed, every morning with an ordinary dandy brush. This not only keeps the coat clean and free from unsightly matting, but encourages the growth of the 'feather,' as it is called.

—Mass. Ploughman.

The Sportman's Shot.

Once very near our cottage door there dwelt

Two tiny, striped squirrels, sleek and fair;
And oft when Spring's warm lips would kiss and
melt

The heaps of snow that Winter hoarded there,
I've watched the little "chips," and pleasure felt,
In all the bright ways of the winsome pair,
With speaking eyes.

But, most of all, I loved to see how fond

Of these brown monks the children came to be,
And how between them grew a common bond.

It was a pleasant sight, indeed, to see
When, fearing naught their happy paths beyond,
Together "chips" and children gambolled free,
In love-lore wise.

And thus went by the pleasant summer days;
But when the hunter came with stealthy tread,
As o'er the hills there hung the autumn haze,
We found one day the little squirrels dead.
Ah! sad it was to see the painful gaze
With which the children, pale, the mystery read,
In mute surprise.

The thoughtless sportsman went his way in pride;
Oppressive silence settled round our door;
Two hearts seemed broken where the pets had died,
And shadows fell where all was bright before.
The children softly knelt their dead beside,
With tender touch they stroked them o'er and o'er,
Nor cared to rise.

Then gently drawing them unto their hearts,
They bore them slowly to the hillside grove;
And there, by all the tender burial arts
They knew, they testified their grief and love.
They made a shallow grave, and lined its parts
With graceful ferns, with nicest care enwove,
"Mid stifled sighs.

By gentle hands the pets were laid to rest,
Wild flowers and leaves were o'er them lightly
thrown;
Emotions tender swept each childish breast
As near the grave they placed a mossy stone,
Then turned their faces, mutely, as was best,
And homeward came while fading gleams still
shone

From sunset skies.

—D. L. Milliken in Youth's Companion.

♦♦♦ *Spoiling Horses' Feet.*

It is almost impossible to get a horse shod without having the frog cut away. All veterinary surgeons, all horsemen, all leading blacksmiths agree that the frog should not be pared one particle—not even trimmed. No matter how pliable and soft the frog is, cut it away smooth on all sides, and in two days it will be dry and hard as a chip. You might as well cut all the leaves off trees and expect them to flourish as to pare away the frog and have a healthy foot. The rough spongy part of the frog is to the foot what leaves are to the tree—the lungs. Never have a red-hot shoe put upon the foot to burn it level. If you can find a blacksmith that is mechanic enough to level the foot without red-hot iron, employ him. If you do not think so, try the red-hot poker on your fingernail, and see how it will affect the growth of that. There are many other important points in shoeing horses; but these two are of more importance than all the rest, level to the apprehension of men not skilled in horses, and the two most disregarded.

♦♦♦ *Survival of the Fittest.*

That "blower" Rhodes proposes to send a dog through the rapids and whirlpool at Niagara before risking himself in the water. The law of the survival of the fittest would dictate that Rhodes should be sent through first, and the dog retained to observe the result of the experiment.

—Boston Herald.

Our Dumb Animals.

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Ways of Cruelty.

The following two cuts and articles are from "Ways of Cruelty," a little pamphlet, or tract, containing twenty-seven cuts of the size given, published by Hon. Thomas E. Hill, of Chicago, and for sale at \$2.50 per 100, at the office of the *Illinois Humane Journal*, 126 Washington st., Chicago.



IN THE HANDS OF FAST YOUNG MEN.

We have here a scene by far too common. It tells its own story. The livery-man has horses to let. Two roughs appear at the stable, apply for a horse, and get it. The owner should have known from their appearance that they would ruin his horse, if allowed to drive it; but his desire for money causes him to yield the animal into their hands.

We see the bright, high-lived animal as it starts from the barn, from the very first cruelly overchecked by its ignorant owner. This fine horse, with no loosening of the check, is driven up the hill and down the hill; is over-heated, has no water to drink, or too much, as the case may be; is compelled to stand, with foaming perspiration, in the wind, while the drivers carouse in some drinking place, and thus with the general ill treatment it has to endure throughout the day, the animal has its strength and health forever destroyed.



RUINED BY FAST DRIVING.

No one will require to have this picture described. The drunken men who have driven this faithful beast so nearly to death that it can scarcely stand, deserve severe punishment; and as the owner in his anger shakes his fist at the rowdies when giving his horse the first comfort of the day, as he lets its head down, we are inclined to think, by his high checking and hiring out the horse to these irresponsible fellows, that he has much blame to bear as well as the drivers who have ruined his horse. In either case, the livery-horse, through the mistakes of its owner and the ill-usage of all kinds of drivers, is liable to be very greatly abused.

Many people think, when a horse is being overdriven by strangers, that it is alone the business of the owner to care for his property; but public good requires that any one seeing a horse ill-treated should admonish the driver, and if he persists in this misconduct he should be turned over to the officers of the law.

A Pleasant Picture.

"There is a man," said his neighbor, speaking of a village carpenter, "who has done more good, I really believe, in this community than any other person who ever lived in it. He cannot talk very well in prayer meeting, and he doesn't often try. He isn't worth \$2,000, and it's very little he can put down on subscription papers for any object. But a new family never moves into the village that he does not find them out, to give them a neighborly welcome and offer any little service he can render. He is usually on the lookout to give strangers a seat in his pew at church. He is always ready to watch with a sick neighbor and look after his affairs for him, and I have sometimes thought he and his wife kept house-plants in winter, just for the sake of being able to send little bouquets to invalids. He finds time for a pleasant word for every child he meets, and you'll always see them climbing into his one-horse wagon when he has no other load. He really seems to have a genius for helping folks in all sorts of common ways, and it does me good every day just to meet him on the street."

—*Baltimorean.*

The Use of Snakes.

Persons who dislike snakes continually ask, "What is the use of them?" That they are not without a use will, I hope, appear in the course of this work, were it necessary to preach that all things have their use. But in one habit that offended Lord Bacon, namely, of "going on their belly," lies one of their greatest uses, because that, together with their internal formation and external covering, enables them to penetrate where no larger carnivorous animal could venture, into dark and noisome morasses, bog-jungles, swamps amid the tangled vegetation of the tropics, where swarms of the lesser reptiles, on which so many of them feed, would otherwise outbalance the harmony of nature, die and produce pestilence.

Wondrously and exquisitely constructed for their habitat, they are able to exist where the higher animals could not; and while they help to clear those inaccessible places of the lesser vermin, they themselves supply food for a number of the smaller mammalia, which, with many carnivorous birds, devour vast numbers of young snakes. The hedge-hog, weasel, ichneumon, rat, peccary, badger, hog, goat, and an immense number of birds, keep snakes within due limits, while the latter perform their part among the grain-devouring and herbivorous lesser creatures. Thus beautifully is the balance of nature maintained.

—*From "Snakes," by C. C. Hopley.*

Black vs. White.

Captain Mayne Reid advances a theory, based on his own observations in arctic and tropical regions, which goes against a previously accepted belief. He thinks that black or dark-colored fur or clothing keeps the wearer cool in hot weather, and that white or light-colored fur or clothing is the best for preserving heat. The facts upon which this theory rests are that some animals in the polar regions which are dark-colored in summer become white in winter, and that bears are black near the Equator and white near the Pole. A more complete proof of the theory is, that the hotter the regions are the blacker is the skin and hair of the men who inhabit them. Captain Reid says that when campaigning in a tropical country he became aware that a black coat was cooler than a white one, both being of the same texture, weight, and thickness. The explanation given is, that black or dark-colored clothing parts with or radiates heat much more freely than light-colored or white clothing.

—*New York Witness.*

Brooklyn Bridge.

China has a bridge at Langang, over an arm of the China Sea, some five miles long, with 300 arches, over the pillar of each arch reclines a lion twenty-one feet long, made of one block of marble. The roadway is seventy feet wide.

Frogs at School.

Twenty froggies went to school
Down beside a rushy pool;
Twenty little coats of green,
Twenty vests all white and clean.
"We must be in time," said they;
"First we study, then we play,
That is how we keep the rule
When we froggies go to school."
Master Bull-frog, grave and stern,
Called the classes in their turn,
Taught them how to nobly strive,
Likewise how to leap and dive.
From his seat upon a log,
Taught them how to say "ker-chog;"
Also how to dodge a blow
From the stones which bad boys throw.

Twenty froggies grew up fast,
Bull-frogs they became at last;
Not a dunce among the lot,
Not a lesson they forgot.

Polished in a high degree,
As each froggle ought to be,
Now they sit on other logs,
Teaching other little frogs.

Dr. William J. Savage owns a lot in a burial ground in Philadelphia, and he buried the body of a pet dog in it. The sexton made no objection, but Pastor Rittenhouse declared that the act was a desecration. The trustees have rebuked the sexton, but have not taken any measures to remove the canine remains. Dr. Savage says that if he loved the dog enough to bury him beside a wife and a son, nobody ought to question his right.

—*Animal Friends.*

What a Marblehead Cat Did.

Some years since a Boston pilot boat went into Marblehead harbor, and one of the pilots going on shore, mentioned that his boat was infested with rats; a lady hearing his remark said she had a splendid "mouser" she would give him. Accordingly Mr. Cat, known as Stump, from the brevity of his caudal appendage, was taken on board. In due time the boat came to Boston, arriving in the early evening, and Stump was known to be on board when coming up the harbor. Nothing more was thought of the cat until next morning, when none was to be found. The following day, at noon, Stump appeared as usual at his old haunts in Marblehead, and was immediately recognized by his former owner.

—*Boston Transcript.*

Cruelty by Scholars.

The following is an extract from a letter concerning one of the schools in Worcester county, Mass.

"Boys have been in the habit of seizing one another, the younger especially, then several holding the limbs and head, blindfolding the eyes, exposing their helpless victim to the crowd with threats. Some of the little ones become so frightened as not to be able to give information, and those even who are ten or eleven years old are held in such terror by threats that they are unwilling to answer questions. Permit me to remark that our country schools are, in hundreds of instances, places of cruelty. Thousands of children attend school with fear and trembling. Many parents send their children with dread, lest their little ones should be injured by stones, or other abuse. I know whereof I write. Boys have been known to take a snake and chase a little girl, to throw it on her, till she became wild with fright.

—*Journal of Education.*

What is the remedy? A Band of Mercy in each school, with its simple pledge,—

"I will try to be kind to all harmless living creatures, and try to protect them from cruel usage."

—*ED.*

Our Dumb Animals.

Officers of the Society.
President.

GEORGE T. ANGELL, Boston.

Vice-Presidents.

His Excellency the Governor and one hundred others through the State.

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Publications Received From Kindred Societies.

Animal World. London, England.
Humane Journal. Chicago, Ill.
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Portland, Me.
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Bulletin of Royal S. P. A. Brussels, Belgium.
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German P. A. Journal "Ibis." Berlin, Prussia.
Quarterly Report of the Courland Soc. P. A. Courland, Russia.

Luminous Animals.

It seems that some luminous animals owe their peculiar light-giving function to a kind of a fat which they secrete. When these little creatures are at rest they do not shine at all, but if they are excited a lightning-like flash is sent forth. Prof. Radziszewsky managed to separate some of this fat and examine it. It is a thick, pale, neutral liquid. An alkali easily saponifies it. When it was shaken with a little caustic potash it gave a flash of light much the same as that which comes from the animals.

A Painted Nose.

Mr. Hammond, the revivalist, addressed a man standing in a crowd in Quincy, Ill., a short time ago.

"Do you see anything green?" said the man, pointing to his eye, as much as to say he was not a fit subject for conversion.

"No, my friend," Mr. H. replied, "but I see something red—your nose—and it cost five hundred dollars to paint it, if you paid for the drinks."

He that does good to another does good also to himself, not only in the consequence but in the very act; for the consciousness of well-doing is in itself ample reward.

—Seneca.

Wonderful Horsemanship.

This morning, says the Moscow correspondent of a London paper, I witnessed a wonderful display of horsemanship. It took place in the Petroffsky park. Here, in the presence of the Grand Duke Nicholas, and most of the foreign officers and guests, the regiment of Cossack Guards went through an extraordinary series of exercises which threw the most daring feats of the circus into the shade. The entire regiment went past at full gallop in loose order, with many of the men standing upright in the saddle, others upon their heads with legs in air, many leaping on to the ground and then into the saddle again at full speed, some springing over their horses' heads and picking up stones from the ground, and yet regaining their seats. While performing these feats all were brandishing their sabres and firing pistols, throwing their carbines into the air and catching them again, and yelling like maniacs. Some men went past in pairs, standing with a leg on each others' horses. One wild fellow carried off another dressed as a woman. The effect of the scene was absolutely bewildering, and it seemed as if the whole regiment had gone mad. Upon a signal being given, the regiment divided into two parts. One rode off; the others halted and made their horses lie down on the ground, and lay beside them, waiting, as in war, the approach of an enemy. The other section of the regiment then charged down, and, in an instant, every horse was on its feet, every rider in his saddle, and with wild yells they rode at their supposed enemy. When the manoeuvres were over, the regiment rode past singing, and uncommonly well together, a military chorus. Altogether, it was a marvellous exhibition of daring horsemanship; and one hardly knew whether to admire the docility and mettle of the steeds, or the skill and courage of their riders. All the foreign officers and guests were no less astonished than delighted.

Cases Investigated by Office Agents in August.

Whole number of complaints received, 162; viz.: Beating, 16; overworking and overloading, 7; overdriving, 4; driving when lame or galled, 5; failing to provide proper food and shelter, 15; torturing, 2; driving when diseased, 6; cruelly transporting, 1; general cruelty, 60.

Remedied without prosecution, 68; warnings issued, 37; not substantiated, 30; not found, 13; anonymous, 7; prosecuted, 7; convicted, 5; pending, July 1, No. 420, disposed of by conviction of the party.

Animals taken from work, 26; killed, 48.

Receipts by the Society in August.
FINES.

From Justices' Court,—West Stockbridge, 4 cases, \$40.

Police Courts,—Lowell, 3 cases, \$32; Chelsea, 3 cases, \$30; Springfield, two cases, \$10.

Municipal Court,—Boston, three cases, \$25.

Witness fees, \$6.00.

Total, \$143.00.

FROM MEMBERS AND DONORS.

Geo. Kempton, \$5; Mrs. J. M. Wilcutt, \$5; John H. Holsten, \$2; Mrs. M. A. Grant, \$2.

ONE DOLLAR EACH.

Francis Ham, Mrs. Edw. Cordis, Mrs. C. E. Fisher, Henry C. Stetson, Anonymous.

Total, \$19.00.

SUBSCRIBERS.

Public Library, Tewksbury, \$4; Mrs. Geo. H. Rogers, \$2; Mrs. H. B. Williams, \$2; Mrs. Henry Wetherbee, \$1.50.

ONE DOLLAR EACH.

Mrs. M. L. King, Miss M. A. Smith, Miss M. E. Pierce, Capt. P. F. Alba, Mrs. Francis Alexander, Z. James Belt, S. B. Foote, E. G. Lucas.

FIFTY CENTS EACH.

Rev. Samuel May, Mrs. G. W. Garland, Miss E. Babcock, Miss S. E. Ross, Mrs. N. S. Birby.
Total, \$20.00.

OTHER SUMS.

Interest, \$100; publications sold, \$6.66; Total, \$106.66.
Total receipts in August, \$988.66.

"I can't do it!" never did anything. "I will do it!" has worked wonders.

A Cuff on the Head.

A cuff on the head is hardly matter enough to make a schoolboy cry out; but however slight, the blow is sometimes serious enough in its results to lead to the unlucky lad's death. Lord Justice Thesiger died the other day from the results of a blow on the ear by a wave whilst bathing. Boys seldom know how easily damaged the ear is, and how delicate the structure of the bone is beneath it; and it is therefore well for them to learn that a trifling blow which elsewhere would do no harm, may on that part of the body lead to results they would all deplore. It would be worth while for boys, and indeed for schoolmasters sometimes, to take the trouble to learn where punishment might be inflicted without worse results following than the production of that temporary pain which, from the schoolmaster's point of view, has so great a tendency to encourage boys in their work. To those who thus tempt boys to love their lessons we would give a caution—avoid the head, the spine, and the front of the body.

Prices of Humane Publications.

The following publications can be obtained at our offices at cost prices, which does not include postage.

"Ten Lessons on Kindness to Animals," by Geo. T. Angell, at 2 cents each, or	\$2.00 per 100
"Care of Horses,"	.45 "
"Cattle Transportation," by Geo. T. Angell, 1.10	"
"Protection of Animals," by Geo. T. Angell, 1.33	"
"Five Questions Answered," by G. T. Angell, .50	"
"The Check Rein," by G. T. Angell,	.60 "
"The Marett Tract," by G. T. Angell, (postage)	.95 "
"Band of Mercy Information," by Geo. T. Angell,	1.00 "
"How to Kill Animals Humanely," by Dr. D. D. Slade,	.95 "
Humane picture card, "Waiting for the Master,"	.75 "
"Selected Poems,"	3.00 "
"Selections From Longfellow,"	3.00 "
"Bible Lesson for Bands of Mercy,"	.45 "
"Service of Mercy," selections from Scripture, etc.	.65 "
"New Order of Chivalry," by G. T. Angell, 1.00	"
"Band of Mercy History," by Rev. T. Timmins,	12.50 "
"Band of Mercy Melodies,"	.50 "

All the above can be had in smaller numbers at the same rates.

OUR DUMB ANIMALS.

Published on the first Tuesday of each Month

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Active Annual,	10.00		

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